UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

Christmas Trees

By ZONA GALE

Jesus of Nazareth

By FRANCIS NEILSON

"Prisoners of the Lord"—In China

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Mr. Wells and the Outlawry of War

By HARRISON BROWN

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV, Chapter XIII—By M. K. GANDHI

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Editors:

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese **Louis L. Mann**

UNITY is a weekly paper, sixteen pages, containing timely editorial comment, special articles, foreign correspondence by its own representatives in Europe and Asia, book reviews, and regular reports of news from the field of liberal thought and action. Of unique value at this time are letters from China by Anna Louise Strong.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C · MONDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1927 · NUMBER 15

THE NEW CHRISTMAS
A HYMN

O little child of Bethlehem,
  So innocent, so small,
Watched over by the quiet beasts
  In dim and lowly stall;
The old world heeded not your birth,
But angels sang: "Peace on the earth."

In early manhood you went forth
  To preach good-news to men,
And still that gospel leads the way,
  Some follow now, as then.
The old world celebrates your birth,
But it has not made "Peace on earth."

For men, in their misguided zeal,
  The spirit's freedom cage
In ancient shibboleths and creeds
  Drawn from a distant age.
The old world fights about your birth,
No angels now sing: "Peace on earth."

O brother-man of Galilee,
  Your spirit we must find;
We need your kindness and your love,
  Your breadth and depth of mind,
That this old world may have new birth,
While angels sing: "Peace on the earth."

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

This is the last number of UNITY which will reach our readers before Christmas. It is therefore the last reminder which we can bring to our readers that a year's subscription to UNITY is a grand gift for a beloved friend. It is also a grand gift for UNITY. If only every reader would give us *one* new subscriber what a Christmas it would be for us!

In collaboration with the *New Republic* and the Chicago *Daily News* and syndicate newspapers, UNITY has published Mr. L. O. Levinson's remarkable plan for the comprehensive settlement of the problems left to the world of Europe and America by the dread heritage of the War. Behind this plan is Mr. Levinson's idea that we have failed after ten years to settle these problems largely, if not exclusively, because we have persisted in taking them up one by one, each without any relation to all the others. But these problems are not isolated; they do not exist apart. On the contrary, they are all inwrought together like the many threads of a single intricate pattern. The European debts owed to the United States are all tangled up with the question of German reparations. German reparations are part and parcel of the Treaty of Versailles. The provisions of this Treaty, its injustices and impracticalities, are responsible for that feeling of insecurity and unrest which, beginning early with France, has now spread throughout the continent. This fear for safety, again, explains the utter breakdown of all proposals for disarmament, and the renewed and swiftly growing menace of war. All this disturbance and threat of Europe, in turn, disgusts America and drives her more and more determinedly to her now established policy of isolation. So it goes! And Europe to date has done nothing but take up this problem and then that problem, and accomplished nothing because the other closely related problems remain untouched. What is needed is an all-embracing survey of the entire situation, with the formulation of a plan which will settle one question because it settles all. In the bankruptcy of modern statesmanship, it has remained for a private citizen, whose intellectual capacity and spiritual union have already been impressively demonstrated by his discovery of the epoch-making idea of the Outlawry of War, to work out and present this plan. As published in these columns, it is a marvel of ingenuity and comprehensiveness. Reaching all the way from the western farmers to world peace established and guaranteed for sixty-two years, it reorders our chaotic western world. We ask our readers to study the plan in its detail. We rejoice to learn that it is to be presented to the Senate by Mr. Borah. Which prompts us to exclaim—How we would like to see Borah President, and S. O. Levinson his Secretary of State!

Well, the Russians called the bluff of the great powers at the meeting of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission in Geneva. Called it with a vengeance! The spectacle of England, Italy, France coming together with any genuine desire of getting rid of armies and navies was one well calculated to make the gods laugh with Homeric laughter. It needed somebody to get up and burst the bubble of pretence with a puff of honesty, and the Soviet delegate, Litvinov, did the

business with perfect art. What wonder that the speech of the Bolshevik leader, challenging the powers to scrap their armaments on land and sea and air, "stunned the conference," to quote the New York *World*. What wonder, in the face of such a challenge, that the conference was hastily adjourned until next February. Good heavens, these delegates hadn't come together with any idea of *disarming!* They were commissioned only to discuss measures "preparatory" to disarmament at some remote time when nations were no longer interested in war and therefore no longer had use for weapons—say, in the year 1975, or 2000, or 2050! But the way to disarm is to *disarm,* cries Russia. Speaks right out, like that!—and breaks up this nice little parlor game of "let's pretend," which everybody was preparing to enjoy so much! This certainly is an impudent piece of business, and only goes to prove what the world has known so long, that these Bolsheviki are a crude, untrained, uncultured, wild, semi-barbaric crowd of ruffians with whom it is unsafe to have anything to do. Yet how to get rid of them? The world has got to go on, and Russia, even when ruled by "reds," is in the world. To meet and talk about disarmament with Russia out of the picture, is too ridiculous even for the great powers to attempt. It's like the old and wicked joke about women—the world can't live with the Bolsheviks, and can't live without them. All of which amuses us beyond description. At such a spectacle as that at the Geneva pantomime, we simply explode with delight.

Nicholas Murray Butler is also among the prophets of a warless world! *Mirabile Dictu!* In a debate in New York, early in December, he roundly scored the federal administration on account of its foreign policy. He was careful to repudiate the outlawry of war. He said the country's experience with the 18th Amendment and the Volstead act demonstrates that people cannot be "lawed" into keeping the peace. So he wants treaties; a treaty with France first and then one with each of the nations between which and this nation there is any possibility of war. He wants a warless world. One can forgive him his inconsistency, for the moment, in the exhilaration of finding him somewhere on the right side of at least one big moral question of the day. But he has not made it altogether clear how treaties are going to escape the fate of the 18th Amendment, if the contracting nations, like thirsty and defiant Americans, choose to nullify them at pleasure. Nor do his comparisons weaken the devotion of the convinced prohibitionist to the present organic law of the land. Nor, again, do President Butler's anti-prohibition diatribes cast doubt upon the ultimate enforcement of this as of other laws established in the ordering of decent society. But laws still appear to have some significance, even to President Butler, if only the rest of us will consent to call them treaties. Very well, we agree! We shall hilariously call all good laws *treaties,* if the verbal jugglery will bring into the camp of the faithful recruits for a warless world. President Butler's ringing challenge to a *laizzez-faire* federal foreign policy calls for universal applause. The acclamations of industrial magnates who rejoice in the absence of governmental interference with their domestic schemes should not deafen the people of the United States to the outcries of the world against the international perils we are breeding. However domestic industrial problems may be let alone, world issues will not bear such treatment. Something will go to smash unless the people of the United States speedily install a federal administration which has discovered that we live in a very big and a very sensitive world.

How much is expert testimony worth? In the Sacco-Vanzetti case, apparently, it was worth a good deal. The testimony of ballistic experts at the trial, that the fatal bullet came from Sacco's pistol, weighed heavily against the two defendants. Later even more emphatic and impressive testimony to the same effect, offered by another ballistic expert, Major Calvin H. Goddard, did much to fix the public mind in the last hours against the two men. There seemed to be a positive identification by Major Goddard of the bullet in question—what could be more convincing as testimony? But, again, what is such testimony worth? A recent somewhat sensational murder case in Cleveland throws lurid light upon this question. It seems that a certain Frank Milazzo was accused of killing a certain high-jacker named Yorkel. A New York ballistic expert, none other than this very Major Goddard who testified so convincingly against Sacco and Vanzetti, was called in to study the fatal bullet in relation to Milazzo's gun. Major Goddard, after due examinations and scientific tests, positively identified the gun as the weapon from which the Yorkel bullet was fired. On this evidence the case was being taken to the grand jury, when a newspaper made the embarrassing discovery that the gun in question had not left the factory of the manufacturer until eighteen days after Yorkel was killed! Had it by any chance left the factory eighteen days *before* Yorkel was killed, Milazzo might well have been indicted, convicted, and executed upon this damning evidence alone. Just as Sacco and Vanzetti were largely indicted, convicted and executed on such evidence! What is this evidence of experts worth? Nothing at all! If we were an autocrat, we would pass a law closing the witness-stand to experts. At the very least, a man's life should never hang upon the testimony of such men. This Cleveland case is timely, as bearing directly upon one of the most important factors in the Sacco-Vanzetti case which will not down.

In a report of a recent sermon by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, we find this statement:

> If you are a Fundamentalist today, I ask you to go on being more of a Fundamentalist in the preservation of your faith. If you are a Modernist, etc. . . .

We take this report to be accurate, for it fits in perfectly with what we have personally heard this distinguished preacher say on more than one occasion. His whole principle of religious leadership is apparently to take people where they are, and ask them to be more and better of the same thing. Such principle is perhaps inevitable in the case of one who talks not merely to his own congregation, but to unnumbered thousands of persons of all varieties of religious belief in his vast Sunday afternoon radio audience. But is it a right principle? Is it a sound principle? Does it make for truth, and progress, and enlightenment? To us, with all due respect to Dr. Cadman, whom we admire greatly in many ways, this idea is the very essence of spiritual inertia and death. It confirms people in their ignorance, strengthens them in their superstition, flatters them in their unctious pietistic Pharisaism. Take the Fundamentalist, for example! Is it possible that Dr. Cadman really wants this unhappy denizen of darkness to remain mired in his medievalism—nay, worse than this, to sink deeper in the mud? Why is it not the duty of an intelligent and trusted leader like Dr. Cadman to lend the Fundamentalist a hand, and rescue him from his wretched plight? Dr. Cadman knows just as well as we do that the Fundamentalist creed is scientifically false, ethically immoral, and spiritually the "body of death." To leave millions in bondage to this creed because they have been born that way, and will now find it painful to learn something better, comes terribly near, according to our way of thinking, to spiritual treason. It is all right to be tactful, kind, considerate, tolerant. But beyond this is the obligation to be honest with ourselves and other people. One thing we know—that, if all preachers had in all ages followed Dr. Cadman's counsel, there never would have been any religious progress. Men would still be slaughtering beasts before bloodstained idols.

Henry Ford has at least demonstrated that a man in the lagging sixties and seventies does not need to quit his job, and hunt lions in Africa or divorce his wife, to get a thrill. There are persistent reports that the most and best of the engineering on the new Ford car was done by the master himself for long days, and nights almost as long, in over-alls. Attaboy! He got so absorbed in the job that he forgot his annual vacation last summer! No African lion-hunter ever brought home a bag which sprung a thrill to compare with that, not only for Henry Ford, but for multitudes of his fellow-citizens, on December 2nd last. At this writing it looks as though Henry Ford had come back. At least that is what the bang sounded like early in December. Only a few celebrities and company officials have yet ridden in the new car. It will be months before the Ford mills and assembly-plants can overtake the flood of orders which the dramatic announcement of the car sluiced in. The son remarked upon witnessing the surge of the multitudes about the display rooms, "This day writes a chapter in automobile history." It does, and in other departments of history as well. Henry Ford will have done nothing more notable and beneficent in his career, if he succeeds in convincing the American man of affairs that his job is his unfailing joy if the job is being well done. The President of the National Cash Register Company at thirty-five has already become so fagged and surfeited with his job that he must plunge into the jungles of equatorial Africa and lug home a ton of hides and heads of wild animals. His loudest boast is the golden-haired baboon! Now, isn't that a thrill for you? Think of rising from a mahogany desk, wearied by the strenuous task of cutting coupons from securities one's father has passed down, and plunging into the jungle and bagging a golden-haired baboon! Could any performance compare with it? But some of us would have the youthful sons of today pull on over-alls and improve upon the mighty deeds of their sires in work-shops and laboratories, while golden-haired baboons are still at large in jungles of Africa!

Christmas Tree

It may be commercial—and no magazine cares to mention anything which may make a dollar for anyone else unless the mention is paid for—but dollars or not, one of the great lights of today is being shed by the Living Tree Guild, the organization which shows you how to celebrate Christmas without slaughtering a tree.

Of late, the old sentimental half-thought at the poor broken bodies of trees, lying on the rubbish heaps of the land as every new year dawns, has been succeeded by the grave certainty of conservationists that the Christmas tree massacre is a crime. In the forty-eight states there are thousands upon thousands of little towns, and no little town can be found without its tinsel-trimmed trees. No little town is overlooked by this sentimental vandalism—just as not one of them is missed in the miraculous thoroughness of the March arrival of robins. Add the small town trees and the village trees to the other thousands of city trees, and annually a forest comes crashing down. The national annual Sunday School trees alone would make a deep wood.

Now comes the Living Tree Guild. Why, they

ask, murder a tree to make a Christian holiday? Why not glorify a living tree? So they make ready a vast company of Norway spruces, seven times transplanted, and set in dignified containers of the right size to entertain all the living healthy roots, housed in the soil of the woods. These trees are from eighteen to twenty-four inches in height, and with the container they stand thirty inches high—right for the gift table on Christmas day, and—here is the second point—a beginning at reforestation of the lawns and grounds, where these exist. In their tubs, the trees will live to do their Christmas service for several years, and then transplanted, they will bring their green as a permanent beauty about the country house, or on veranda or door-step in town. These are so carefully re-transplanted that they are guaranteed to live—and instructions for their care come with the trees. But if, by June, a tree is not living and flourishing, it will be replaced by the Guild.

The Guild has also prepared many smaller trees—eight inches or so in height—growing thriftily in pots, to be sent instead of Christmas cards. These, like the larger trees, are boxed and shipped in holiday dress. Your gift and your duty to national conservation discharged together! Thus one plants a tree a year—which is the least that one can do toward reforesting the world. And one doesn't kill a tree for a festival to honor the birth of Christ.

So far has the absurd waste gone, that one town for a recent Christmas lined its principal thoroughfare, on either side, with tall and beautiful evergreens, hung with colored lights. This did rouse the protest of the citizens—they could see those trees. But when the poor mutilated things stand inside soft curtains, the passers-by see only the poetry and tradition of a custom which should give way, from a decorated death to a fertile life for these faithful friends.

Living Christmas trees. An end to the barbecue of the spruces. Love and life for the trees on Christmas day. And children, telling their unfailing interest in a new romance for the time: "The tree—its alive!"

ZONA GALE.

Jottings

A crowd of Virginians crossed the border-line into Kentucky the other day, seized a negro, dragged him back over the line into Virginia, and there shot him and burned his body. How is this lynching going to be punished? Which state is involved; which state can act, and how? Here is an argument for the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill, which would properly make lynching a federal offense.

Mayor Thompson, of Chicago, has ousted the city's health commissioner, with the usual blare of trumpets. What does this mean—that good health is British propaganda?

The newspapers used to report news; now they manufacture news. The number of stories furiously featured by the papers, in which nobody has any imaginable interest apart from the interest deliberately whipped up by the reporters, constantly amazes us. We get excited about what the papers tell us to get excited about. The death and burial of Valentino will long remain a classic example of this fact.

Thomas A. Edison is consecrating his genius today to the business of finding a way of creating rubber. He tells us that this search must be successful, *so we can win the next war!* Nothing else counts but war—that next war, which we must surely win! For ourselves, we hope that Edison won't find his rubber, and that we shall lose the next war. Then perhaps we might have enough of the cursed thing.

The Trotsky opposition platform in Russia is making a great stir in the world, as it is "nuts" to all haters of the Bolsheviks. We can pretty accurately assess the real value of this document, however, when we find the Moscow correspondent of the New York *Times* describing it as being "as exaggerated as words can make it." Trotsky's attack upon the Soviets is evidently to be taken about as seriously as a Democrat's attack upon a Republican administration.

We wonder, does Mussolini ever go off all by himself, and look at himself in the glass. If so, we wager that he laughs 'til his very sides ache. He can keep up his pose in public, of course, but when alone he must give way to bursts of merriment that are anything but "innocent." What a joke, not on himself but on the Italian people!

J. H. H.

"Prisoners of the Lord"—In China

The Rev. Father Van Dyk, a Belgian priest in Ningsia, is a delightful man of broad knowledge and tolerant soul. He can discourse on the religions of the Mongols, on the "Shamanism which was no doubt the earliest form of religion among men," on the Buddhism "remarkably pure itself, but the common people hold it along with their earlier worship of demons and magic." He could tell tales of marital relations and moral standards which violated all the canons of modern ethics, yet add with a smile: "After all, they live very close to nature, almost like their horses." It was impossible to imagine the Fiddlers, with their Moody Bible Institute training, conversing amicably with such a man. Even if he had not been a Catholic, they would have considered him an emissary of the devil.

Yet when I asked Father Van Dyk, marvelling at his sketches, his wonderful photographs of native life and customs, and the patience with which he endured a year and a half's absence of chemicals which forbade him to print his negatives,—what had brought him to China, he answered, surprised: "Why, to convert people." He lives under a rigid discipline beside which the discipline of the communists in Russia pales. He has taken vows of "poverty, chastity and obedience."

"Poverty" means, as he told me, that he may not own property of his own, as a parish priest may at home. He may not accept a dollar from me, or a package from friends in Belgium, without permission of his superior. It means that his very photography depends for its supplies on the will of those above him, even if he were not also prohibited, under his vow of obedience, from publishing anything without their sanction.

However, his sketches have been found worth publishing, by the organization he works under. His library, indeed, shows that the Catholic Missionary organization in China has dealt very liberally with the artistic and scientific hobbies of its missionaries. Collections of letters which go back for centuries tell the tales of early Catholic exploration in China. Volumes of geological, geographical, anthropological lore bear witness to the fact that Catholic missionaries throughout many generations have made scientific studies and contributions to China. The canal which we first passed on our way to Ningsia was the work of Jesuit fathers some centuries ago.

The Belgian Catholics have a mission at Porobalgasan, some five days' journey from Ningsia towards Mongolia. There on a strip of land some hundred kilometers long they teach farming to the Mongols and try to induce this nomad race to settle down and cultivate the soil. Of three thousand Mongols introduced to this settled life, only one thousand stay, according to Father Van Dyk. And the land of the mission gets slowly worse and worse, for the blowing sands are coming, covering all the country. Once they were held back by tamaris trees, but needy and uncontrolled Mongols have used these for fuel, so now there is no wind break. Steadily, therefore, the mission work is being driven from the land.

Father Van Dyk accepts life philosophically. Regarding his own early taking of vows he remarked: "Some people hold that eighteen or twenty-four years is too young to bind one's self for life; but in the case of marriage one also binds one's self thus early, and for life. In all of life there is a venture, a choosing without full knowledge." Regarding his work of conversion he said, "If one believed, as some people do (and I knew he was alluding to the Fiddlers), that one must convert the world, then one would go mad. We will not convert the world; Christianity will not triumph, but none the less it will go on. Ever since St. Thomas went to India in 70 A. D. we have been unable to stop going forth to spread it. We will never succeed, but also we will never stop."

He believed that within a few years there will be much suffering for the church in China. "Not so much in Kansu, perhaps, for here there are many Mohammedans and they also, like us, are strangers in a strange land, and tend to side with us against the Chinese. But in the central cities, yes, there will be great troubles. It is a good thing that we have no wives and children, as the Protestants have; it is better in such a time to be alone. The Protestants are quite right in sending families to the coast. But we do not leave our posts. When one is alone—I do not say it will be pleasant, but at least there is no one near us to suffer."

Many sentences of Father Van Dyk's come to my mind about the Mongols, words quietly observing, tolerant, dispassionate. . . . "I have seen those Mongols drunk,—so drunk that they could not walk. But they could sit on a horse,—and galloping." . . . "The lattice work for the Mongol's 'yurta' (tent) is made by Chinese. The Mongols cannot make it. The Mongols do nothing at all." . . . "They are very cruel in their punishments. Of a thief they cut off his feet and leave him to die of hunger and thirst in the desert. Or they sew him tight in a moist ox-skin and place him in the sun to shrivel as the skin shrinks. . . . Yet if I should tell them of the police system of France, and all its detectives and courts and lawyers and the vast expense of it, they would say: 'Why should the good people have to pay much money in order to punish thieves? Let the bad ones be killed quickly; it is cheaper and better for all.'"

Whether or not as a result of these drastic punishments there are said to be no thieves in Alashan, the land which we are next to visit on our way to Urga. The doors of inns are unbolted. But if there are no thieves, there are plenty of bandits in Mongolia. A Mongol disdains to steal in secret; he prefers the open way of killing a man and then taking forcible possession of his property.

In some places, however, the Mongols now begin to have court administration, according to Father Van Dyk. He told me of a bandit chief who had been caught and brought before a Chinese official. He was hung up by his hands, with his feet tied to the ground, and flogged in the effort to make him reveal the names of his accomplices. This torture continued four days, but he answered only: "Me Ta Kwei,"—"Don't know." At last the enraged official had a copper pot heated red and applied to his bare and bleeding back. He still replied: "Me Ta Kwei," whereupon the official shot him.

Father Van Dyk told me of a nearby Buddhist monastery which he had visited, where there are 700 Buddhist monks. "The chief monk never walks to service; he is carried by other monks. He looks like

Savonarola with a thin, ascetic countenance and piercing eyes. He is a Buddha. If he remains single all his life, he will return a higher Buddha with a bigger temple. But he took a woman, so he is spoiled, finished.

A little later Father Van Dyk showed me the picture of a monk expelled from the monastery for "immorality." I asked: "How then does the chief Buddha manage to remain"? . . . "Oh, he is powerful. Just like the Middle Ages. No one could lay a finger on him."

Tales showing Mongol standards of sex morals were also told me by Father Van Dyk. There was a youth in the mission at Probalgason who planned to get married. The local priest knew that the girl was pregnant and by another man. After debating long as to his duty, he at last informed the youth that the girl he expected to marry was going to have a baby. . . .

Instead of the repudiation he expected, the young man answered, with a smile: "Well, maybe it will be a boy." . . . I suggested that perhaps the child was his own, but Father Van Dyk assured me that such was not the case. The youth had apparently the attitude that he would have if in purchasing a sheep he learned that he was acquiring an unborn lamb as well. Large families add to a man's dignity in Mongolia.

There was another Mongol in the mission who was nicknamed the "Possessive" after a certain family incident had taken place. He was away from home a very long time, and on returning found children born to his wife which could not possibly have been his. None the less he made a feast to celebrate the acquisition of sons, and thus gained among the Mongols his nickname.

Father Van Dyk has not only a large and remarkable collection of photographs, very artistically taken, but also a collection of Chinese proverbs and many notes on Chinese customs. "At a distance of ten li there are no true words," . . . "Victors, they are kings; vanquished they are bandits." . . . "A daughter is merchandise that you can sell at a loss." . . . Chinese modesty is illustrated by the etiquette which prescribes that in riding in a cart you should not look ahead "more than five times the circumference of a wheel."

To Father Van Dyk, the Chinese are unchanging. "China is something different in the history of nations. All other nations have their evolution; they grow and fall. But China has no evolution; she is the same yesterday, today and forever. Sixteen years ago when the Republic was founded, the peasants asked me: 'And who is the new Emperor of the Republic?' And now today, these young students with their dream of revolution. I think they also will be absorbed into the ancient China. Life is very hard; the peasant must pay attention to his labors. If he doesn't starve, that is all he can expect. What else has he time for?"

To my suggestion that modern industry with the factory system was now entering China, and showing an insidious ability to break down the ancient family system and the forms of social control which the past has known, he replied with a wave of his hand. "In the treaty ports," he said, "but those are not China. In Lanchow some Russians have tried to start factories, but they have all failed."

It is not hard, I think, to understand why men go mad as missionaries in Kansu. Coming out full of fanatic conviction to a people doomed to hell; finding themselves engulfed in town upon town, miles upon miles of that people, fixed in it ancient ways, immovable, uninterested; seeing the years pass by in loneliness, very far from any human interest; two or three weeks from a newspaper, six weeks or more from a letter; confined for intercourse to one or two changeless companions! seeing the great masses about, nonchalantly sweeping on to everlasting destruction. It is perhaps typical that the Rev. Mr. Nystrom's madness took the form of killing a passing Chinese.

There is something in it like solitary confinement—a tantalizing solitary confinement in the midst of sweating, smelling humans who are not and never can be one's own. . . . Even Father Van Dyk, who is in every way a man of broader philosophy and wider interests, expressed the bleak loneliness of Kansu to me. "Four hundred million people," he said, "and yet one is alone always."

He went on to tell me how, in Catholic circles, one volunteers for mission service.

> It is a special society (he said) like the Franciscans or any other order. You join usually at the age of eighteen. Then you have many years of training, in religious colleges which prepare for this work. Many years of philosophy and theology and of the history and language of the country to which you are assigned. At the age of twenty-four you take your final vows—for life. After you are sent out to your field. You may once in your life go back, with the permission of your superior. I went back for the World War on a special call, and stayed several years.
>
> It is a mistake, I think, to go back to Europe at all. Certainly it is a mistake to go for several years. It unfits you for your work here.
>
> Now whenever Europeans come, my heart turns immediately towards them. I long to be with them. But that is not proper; my heart should turn towards the Chinese, whom I work for, whom I must love because it is my duty to love them.

Father Van Dyk called more than once on Borodin, who returned his calls. Between atheist and mystic there was none the less the tie of a common European background, and an intelligent philosophic detachment in viewing the affairs of man. Whenever I had talked with Father Van Dyk, Borodin wanted to know what he had said, "I like him," he remarked. "I feel sorry for him. A tragic figure. A prisoner of the Lord."

"Possibly Father Van Dyk feels sorry for you, and for the same reasons," I remarked.

"What!" said Borodin, "Sorry for me? What for?"

"Coming to convert China, and going back unsuccessful," I answered. "Father Van Dyk must look on you just as you look on him, as a man whose theories, backed by intelligence and personality, were broken against the naked fact of China."

"Give me another fifteen years, twenty years," cried Borodin, "and we'll see."

"Yes," I smiled, "you have a belief in a future—a Chinese Revolution, which makes all present failures mere stepping-stones. So has Father Van Dyk a belief in some heavenly future which completes all his failures here. You don't believe in his hope; and he doesn't believe in yours. But each of you escapes from failure by your belief."

"Yes, after all, we are not so dissimilar," said Borodin thoughtfully.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

Jesus of Nazareth

In August, 1920, there appeared in UNITY over my name, an article entitled, "The Principles of Jesus." It was inspired by the publication of my friend Mr. Ignatius Singer's book, "The Rival Philosophies of Jesus and of Paul," a work I had heard a good deal about while the author was writing it. Whether Mr. Singer's book came too early, or too late, I cannot tell, but I felt that its message would not carry very far. It certainly was not a work that would appeal to the clergy. The book is now out of print; it passed away almost unnoticed.

At the time it appeared, Dr. George Gordon published an essay on "The Originality of Jesus," and in my article in UNITY I criticised some of his statements, notably the way he dealt with the question asked by the Herodians, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not?" for I hold that it is well-nigh impossible to grasp the character and mission of Jesus if there be any doubt as to the meaning of his reply: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." I think I showed very clearly that Dr. Gordon was all at sea when he tried to explain what Jesus meant.

A year or two after I wrote my article, Alfred Zimmern published an essay in an American magazine in which he predicted a future for Jesus. Indeed, he said that Jesus in a few years to come would be the significant figure around which great controversies would rage, that students would try to discover him and make his message clear to the people. At that time I tried to interest my colleagues on *The Freeman* in the subject, but somehow I failed. There seemed to be deeply imbedded in the minds of my friends, the idea that Jesus was a back number, that his dicta were of no practical use to present day reformers. I remember reading part of Zimmern's article to a circle of acquaintances, who were keen "progressives," and I noted with amazement their apathy. Not one agreed with Zimmern. Some of them thought he was merely "trying to put something over." They were wrong, Zimmern was right.

I have had a list compiled of the works on Jesus that have been published during the past five years—not seven, since I wrote my article—and it contains the titles of seventy-five books, ninety per cent of them by English and American writers, ten per cent translations from German, Italian and French authors. Forty of the titles refer directly to Jesus, only a few refer directly to Christ. And I am told by publishers there are more on the press. How many works have been published recently in European countries, which have not appeared in English translations, no one seems to know, but there must be a goodly number, for articles in French and German reviews during the past three years indicate very clearly that the number of books on Jesus by authors in those countries is not far behind that of England and America. Zimmern was a prophet.

I have looked through many works on Jesus during the past two years. A week or two ago I purchased half-a-dozen new volumes, although I am bound to admit with little hope of finding anything new, anything along the lines laid down by Singer in "The Rival Philosophies of Jesus and of Paul."

Only one work was of sufficient interest to keep me reading for a few hours. That was Professor Shirley Jackson Case's "Jesus, A New Biography." Professor Case's book is excellent up to a point. It is the best examination of the gospels I have seen. A simple, straight-forward, beautifully written analysis of the four different versions of the life by the first century biographers. But it fails utterly to carry us beyond the point where Renan left us. Renan did not grasp the economic significance of Matthew 6:24-34; and he missed completely the point in the story of the trick planned by the Herodians in Matthew 22:15-22. These are the pronouncements which test the wisdom of the student.

Let us take two passages, two concerning the fundamental statements of Jesus' message. Professor Case says:

> Throughout his career he maintained this attitude of nonresistance toward Rome. But this was not the characteristic psychology of other parts of the country. When his enemies induced him to admit the propriety of paying tribute to Cæsar, they executed a skilful maneuver for undermining the loyalty of his followers from Galilee.

Did his enemies induce him "to admit the propriety of paying tribute to Caesar"? Here is what I said on this point when I dealt with Dr. Gordon's essay in 1920:

> Surely this is misreading the very incident which should clinch beyond peradventure the metaphysic of Jesus: "The Kingdom of God is within you," the one above all others which supports the great instruction, "Call no one Master, but your Father who is in heaven." Such an interpretation as Dr. Gordon sets out cannot be in accord with the character of Jesus, with the principles of his system of conduct and culture. Jesus says, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's." This should be clear enough, but Dr. Gordon says you are under some sort of obligation to Cæsar. What obligation? The mere political fact that Cæsar's image was on the coin cannot possibly mean that the owner of it had no right to it and that it was Cæsar's. The trouble here seems to be that students will not accept literally what Jesus says. Our minds are so full of the confusion caused by the conditions brought about by the State that we cannot grasp those vital economic principles which determine what is justice. Someone says, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar?" When the question was asked, Jesus knew quite well what the politicians meant by the word lawful. He knew that they were thinking of State law, man-made law, the law that runs counter to the law of God. And Jesus knew quite well that in the minds of the politicians Cæsar was more than God. Therefore his reply meant, render to Cæsar what is his according to the law of God and render to God what is His, but so obsessed were the minds of his hearers with the idea of the State and man-made law that they could not possibly understand that he had laid down an economic truth which would, if put into practice, make Cæsar, the State, and man-made law unnecessary. Jesus himself knew that they had come to tempt him, but he was wiser than they. He knew what the system was. Indeed, he had come to overthrow it.

Professor Case says, "Today perhaps no phase of Jesus' life and work awakens keener interest than the question of what he actually taught." I wish I could agree with this statement. Perhaps it all depends on what is meant by "actually taught." Professor Case has a long chapter on "The Religion Jesus Taught," but there is little in it that has not been said over and over

again since the days of Strauss and Ernest Renan. It is hard to find a statement more diametrically opposed to the religion Jesus taught than the following:

> He would pay the tribute to Cæsar and would turn the other cheek when subjected to violence by the authorities. Since God temporarily permitted the kingdom of Rome to exist in Palestine, he would yield unquestioning obedience to the present political regime.

There are three statements which have been accepted as true coins of the mind of Jesus, which Christians have not understood. First, the one about the tribute money; second, "Your heavenly Father knoweth ye have need of all these things"; third, "Seek ye first the kingdom and its justice and all these things shall be added unto you." The disagreement among the orthodox authors when they attempt to deal with these points is extraordinary. It is hard to believe that wrong interpretations could be so manifold and so divergent.

Nearly forty years ago I read Ibsen's great drama, "Emperor and Galilean." It was a revelation to me. It sent me back to the gospels; it made many of the dark places light. Indeed the inspiration I received from the play enabled me to discover Jesus, the man, and grasp the significance of the real message he left to us: "The Kingdom of God is within you."

Ibsen, so far as I know, was the first to understand what Jesus meant by, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's." In the scene between Maximus the Mystic and the Emperor Julian, which takes place in the ruins of the Temple of Apollo, the Emperor exclaims:

> Emperor and Galilean! How reconcile that contradiction. Yes, this Jesus Christ is the greatest rebel that ever lived. . . . Is peace conceivable between the Galilean and the Emperor? Is there room for the two of them together upon the earth? For he lives on the earth, Maximus—the Galilean lives, I say, however thoroughly both Jews and Romans imagined that they had killed him; he lives in the rebellious minds of men; he lives in their scorn and defiance of all visible authority. . . .
>
> "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's—and to God the things that are God's!" Never has mouth of man uttered a craftier saying than that. What lies behind it? What, and how much belongs to the Emperor? That saying is nothing but a bludgeon wherewith to strike the crown from off the emperor's head.

In an article entitled "Ibsen and Economic Justice," written for *The Freeman,* I dealt with this passage from "Emperor and Galilean" as follows:

> It is worth considering what Julian meant when he spoke of "the bludgeon wherewith to strike the crown from off the emperor's head." Julian said of it, "never has mouth of man uttered a craftier saying than that." In the scene, as described by Matthew, the Herodians, seeking to bring Jesus into conflict with Cæsar, knew that the simplest way to incriminate him would be to bring him into conflict with the fiscal system—taxation, the payment of tribute, the subsistence of the State. So they asked Jesus if it were lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar. Then came the craftiest saying, the bludgeon that was to strike the crown from off the emperor's head: "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's." In that utterance Jesus laid down the fundamental of his positive theory of life, but it was not understood. Perhaps he knew that his hearers could not possibly understand it. But Ibsen must have understood it, otherwise he could not have written of it as a bludgeon to strike the crown from off the Emperor's head. It is indeed a bludgeon, for if Cæsar is to have only the things that are Cæsar's, then the State ceases to exist and Cæsar will receive no tribute. For things that are created belong to God, and can not be owned by the individual.....

Is it not something of a mystery that all these writers on Jesus have missed the point that Ibsen saw clearly?

FRANCIS NEILSON.

Mr. Wells and the Outlawry of War

[*A Reply to Mr. Wells' recent articles in the New York Times and the Chicago Daily News*]

Mr. Wells is a great novelist and a stimulating thinker, but as Mr. Garvin of the London *Observer* has written, "It may be doubted whether his genius lies in the field of politics."

Mr. Wells refuses to recognize that anything at all is changed in the world since the War, and yet as the "unrepentant" coiner of that famous slogan "A War to End War" one would have thought that he would have been only too eager to look for signs.

But that phrase went bankrupt some years ago and Mr. Wells is suffering now from a fuller realization of the enormity of his deception, and so sick is he that he will not see that upon the wreck of the war peace the younger war generation may yet build a real peace.

I will not discuss the talk about the possibilities of war between the United States and Britain, which in my opinion is absurd not because it is psychologically impossible but because the odds would be so overwhelmingly in favor of Britain's defeat by exhaustion that the "naval monomaniacs" of Whitehall would not be able to get away with their propaganda.

Incidentally, had Mr. Wells subjected the Allied propaganda to one of his celebrated criticisms we should be in less danger from this form of attack ten years after the war for Liberty, Justice, Democracy, etc!

It is a very debatable matter whether the communities of Europe have not reached a stage where they are willing to surrender independent action in so far as the making of war is concerned.

That the nations are still obsessed by the necessity for using force to keep the peace, that indeed their schemes all seek to preserve peace by threat of war is true, but the *desire* to dispense with war as a means of settling their differences is shown by the popularity of the present fashion for treaties of non-aggression. One may disagree with their methods but one cannot reasonably expect nations who have always been at the beck and call of war to renounce a traditional institution right away.

But there are distinct signs that all sections of the communities in Europe are now opposed to the war system, the financiers because their interests are more

than ever international, the industrialists because industry tends more and more to organize on the system of international cartels and because they believe that the war is responsible for the growth of Socialism, organized religion because it realizes that another world war would complete the decay of Christianity and that war is the antithesis of all moral instruction, and finally labor organizations because the rank and file is definitely anti-militarist.

But Mr. Wells sits upon the lawn of a pleasant seaside hotel and sees people enjoying themselves without a thought for diphenyl chloroarsine and he is shocked.

What in the name of Tono Bungay would he have them do on a sunny afternoon? They cannot always be reading Mr. Britling!

Of the Outlawry of War scheme Mr. Wells obviously knows nothing, he is not even aware that there is any difference between the points of view of Senator Borah and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, and it is astonishing that he should write as he does in a paper in the home town of Outlawry.

It is positively pathetic that a man of Wells' ability and record should be content to admit to a wholly unconstructive and superficial attitude towards the greatest and most urgent problem of the day.

And certainly after two such columns as this review of Commander Kenworthy's book Wells is in no position to talk of the "empty worthlessness" of anything!

And to cap it all he wants to counter the war danger by the substitution of "a biological for a merely economic and political conception of human life," as if he had not spoilt half a dozen good books by this absurd obsession for the dissection of frogs.

Biological training is an excellent thing, but when the great H. G. Wells suggests that the war problem must drift until we are replaced by a generation educated according to his ideas one begins to think that such counsel of despair does almost warrant Commander Kenworthy's comment that Wells has "gone gaga."

The truth is that there is considerable uneasiness amongst European Governments about the danger of war arising from plague spots created by the Treaty of Versailles, from the irresponsibility of dictators, from the impossibility of arriving at agreements and the realization that eventually, if the Allies do not fulfill their disarmament pledges under the treaty Germany will insist upon arming again.

The smaller nations are frankly skeptical about the sincerity of the larger nations in regard to disarmament.

Having more to gain and less to lose than the great powers the small countries have been strong supporters of the idea entailing the pooling of armaments for mutual defence.

But this plan has now definitely broken down since it has been found impossible to get the nations to agree upon the advisability of such pooling, much less upon the complicated details of the division of responsibility for sanctions.

But far from showing a lack of desire to succeed, as Mr. Wells conventionally imagines, these successive failures of efforts to deal with sections of the problem, the growing dissatisfaction within the overtaxed countries and the realization of the dangers arising from the present condition of Europe all tend to produce an attitude which is comparable to that of the supporters of Outlawry, in that the problem is at last seen whole.

The Polish Resolution of the 8th Assembly was not altogether a "pious resolution" designed to hide their small amount of practical success. That declaration that all war must be outlawed and a pacific means of settlement found, was all the concrete form which the smaller nations were able to obtain this year for their revolt against the temporizing of the Council, and we may reasonably expect that the revolt will be redoubled next year.

The stage is becoming set for a radical attack upon the institution of war and it would seem to matter little whether the attack develops from within the member states of the League or from without. If the latter there is already good reason to believe that such an offer to lend a hand in ridding the world of the shackles of war would be welcomed by a majority of the member states.

Indeed in view of the influence which the fighting services exercise traditionally in most European Governments it seems doubtful whether the initiative for such an anti-traditional move can be expected to come from them.

America's contribution to material problems has always derived in great part from the freedom of vision and lack of prejudice with which the affair has been tackled, it seems reasonable to suppose that in a manysided problem such as that of the replacement of war by law this same freshness of outlook should play a far greater role of importance and provide America with the opportunity of giving a world lead.

Wells complains that we are thoughtless about the horrors of modern war, but disgusting though the preparations are it is not by appealing to his cowardice that we shall persuade man to abandon the barbaric system. So long as the system itself continues preparations for war will obviously include the use of every new scientific invention and discovery. The tragedy is that so much brains and energy should be devoted to solely destructive channels, and as a life-long supporter of science Wells should be the first to protest against this prostitution of knowledge to the outworn tool of our obsolete political system.

Nobody more than he has repeatedly insisted upon the fact that during the last 2000 years man's intelligence has outgrown his wisdom and that human power has burst out of the framework of our puny political systems controlled by war.

One would have imagined therefore that Wells, realizing that unless man regains control of his machines by the exercise of his reason, he is doomed, would have been the first to welcome an attempt to treat the problem on a practical basis; and in any case one is justified in expressing surprise that he should write of such an attempt without the slightest examination of the arguments.

HARRISON BROWN.

London, England.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART IV—CHAPTER XIII

Indian Opinion

Before I proceed with the other intimate European contacts, I must note two or three items of importance. One of the contacts, however, should be mentioned at once. The appointment of Miss Dick was not enough for my purpose. I needed more assistance. I have in the earlier chapters referred to Mr. Ritch. I knew him well. He was manager in a mercantile firm. He approved my suggestion of leaving the firm and getting articled under me, and he considerably lightened my burden.

About this time Sjt. Madanjit approached me with a proposal to start *Indian Opinion* and sought my advice. He had been already conducting a press, and I approved of his proposal. So the journal was launched in 1904, and Sjt. Mansukhlal Nazar became the first editor. But I had to bear the brunt of the whole work, as indeed for most of the time I had to be practically in charge of the journal. Not that Sjt. Mansukhlal could not carry it on. He had been doing quite an amount of journalism whilst in India, but he would never venture to write on intricate South African problems so long as I was there. He had the greatest confidence in my discernment, and so threw on me the responsibility of attending to the editorial columns. The journal has been until this day a weekly. In the beginning it used to be issued in Gujarati, Hindi, Tamil and English. I saw, however, that the Tamil and Hindi sections were a make-believe. They did not serve the purpose for which they were intended, and I even felt that there was a certain amount of deception involved in continuing them. So I felt at ease only when I discontinued them.

I had no notion that I should have to invest any money in this journal, but I discovered in no time that it could not go on without my financial help. The Indians and the Europeans both knew that though I was not nominally the editor of *Indian Opinion,* I was virtually responsible for its conduct. No harm would have happened if the journal had never been started, but to stop it after starting it would have been both a loss and a disgrace. So I kept on pouring out my money until ultimately I was practically sinking all my savings into it. I remember a time when I had to remit £75 each month.

But after all these years I feel that the journal has served the community well. It was never intended to be a commercial concern. So long as it was under my control, the changes in the journal were indicative of changes in my life. *Indian Opinion,* like *Young India* and *Navajivan* today, was a mirror of part of my life. Week after week I poured out my soul in its columns, and expounded the principles and practice of Satyagraha as I understood it. During ten years, that is until 1914, excepting the intervals of my enforced rest in prison, there was hardly a single issue of *Indian Opinion* without an article from me. I cannot recall a word in these articles set down without thought or deliberation, or a word of conscious exaggeration, or anything merely to please. Indeed the journal had become for me a training in self-restraint, and for friends a medium through which to keep in touch with my thoughts. The critic found very little therein to object to. In fact I know that the tone of *Indian Opinion* compelled the critic to put a curb on his own pen. Satyagraha would probably have been impossible without *Indian Opinion.* The readers looked forward to it for a trustworthy account of the Satyagraha campaign as also of the real condition of Indians in South Africa. For me it became a means for the study of human nature in all its casts and shades. As I always aimed at establishing an intimate and clean bond between the editor and the readers, I was inundated with letters containing the outpourings of my correspondents' hearts. They were friendly, critical or bitter, according to the temper of the writer. It was a fine education for me to study and digest and to answer all this correspondence. It was as though the community thought audibly through this correspondence with me. It made me understand thoroughly the responsibility of a journalist, and the hold I secured through it over the community made the future campaign workable, dignified and irresistible.

In the very first month of *Indian Opinion,* I had realized that the sole aim of journalism should be service. The newspaper press is a great power, but as unchained torrents of water submerge whole countrysides and devastate crops, even so an uncontrolled pen serves but to destroy. If the control is from without, it proves more poisonous than want of control. It can be profitable only when exercised from within. If this line of reasoning is correct, how few of the journals in the world would stand the test? But who would stop those that are useless? And who is to be the judge? The useful and the useless must, like good and evil, go on together, and man must make his choice of them.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

A Chant at Christmas

'Tis daybreak on the winter hills,
And from the East
The sword of sunrise cleaves
The expectant skies,
And spills an orchid radiance o'er fields
And frost-locked valleys where
The chill night dies.

'Tis daybreak in the hearts of men,
For Christmastide
Fills all the waiting world
With music, wild,
Blown down the winds of centuries from a street
In Bethlehem where dwelt
A little child.

—*R. R. Greenwood, Nautilus.*

The Study Table

*Jernegan's "Man and His God"

"Man and His God," by Prescott F. Jernegan, is a new book which will delight every reader of UNITY and every person who enjoys clear thinking on religious subjects. It is a modest little book, original and forceful, redolent to some extent of Spinoza, Santayano and Dewey, masters, if there are any, of modern theology. The volume is distinguished above most others by its courteous radicalism, its broad tolerance of varying points of view and by the utter absence of the proselyting spirit. The author has his own conception of God, and allows to every other man the right to cherish his own conception.

To Jernegan, God is no personality, nor yet a mere symbol of the "mystery that shapes the existence of the world." This mystery is "hardly a child of cheap desires. It is not such a God as a whining incompetent begging soul seeks. Rather it is the hard won conviction of philosophic research, the fruit of the thought of many men to whom life, pleasure, immortality itself were mere baubles compared with their love for the truth. The God of such men is not chiefly the bearer of unearned gifts. . . . The conviction of the existence of such a God has outgrown the selfish desire to find a perfect parent."

This is religion to have ideals, to be loyal to them, to believe that our labor is in line with this ground plan of the universe. . . . . .

The faith of the fundamentalists is merely formal and docile when it is not fanatical. The *leaven of a self-formed belief* is not in it. Those for whom the old strategies are torn to tatters must win their own way to their own God. . . .

Logical abstractions, such as the Absolute, the Infinite, are perhaps the empty echoes of an unfilled want. Many are able to see in them the pale verbal creations of a self trying to discover a Perfect Person in the Infinite. At the last, as in the beginning, if we worship the Infinite, do we not worship a transfigured image of the selves that we are?

. . . . .

Let us throw the guesses of our conscious selves as far ahead in the darkness as we please, but let us hope for something better in return than a pale—if mighty shadow of ourselves. . . . . .

It had to be that our ancestors framed rigid pictures of a personal God, directly responsive to their needs. We carry the taint of ghosts, demons, gods and angels into our most refined worship, but we can always affirm the Reality to be greater and other than the Symbol. . . . . .

The solution of the "conflict between science and religion" was simple for Spinoza. He did not foolishly try to solve it, by assigning them separate disparate spheres of existence, denying the one in the interest of the other. For him they were not opposing realms of thought but intersecting circles. Whatever truth science revealed was the truth of and about God: its successes and failures alike were inescapable "modes" of the Eternal. Let the conclusions of science conflict with the creeds and nullify the letter of the Scriptures. Nothing is sacred but Truth, and Truth cannot escape God for which it is but another name.

Prescott F. Jernegan is a teacher whose active life has been spent in the schools of the Philippines and of Hawaii. He has now retired and is living at Walnut Creek in California. He has published little except school texts, but has devoted years to thought and reading on the subject of human conceptions of God. The present volume is published by himself, under the auspices of the New Freedom Press, in Honolulu. The very excellence of this work must take it out of the category of best sellers, though it is destined to outlive most of these. DAVID STARR JORDAN.

* "Man and His God," by Prescott F. Jernegan, Walnut Creek, California.

Members One of Another

Charles W. Wood has written what ought to prove a disturbing book.* Disturbing, not so much because of its radical and daring thesis, as because of its every day, matter-of-fact, method of proving its case. Intellectual bombshells usually prove more detonating than destructive, because they consist chiefly of high powered verbiage the explosion of which is rarely anything but self-consuming. In "The Myth of the Individual" however we have a book which will shock and perhaps illuminate its readers not because of its intellectual brilliancy, but rather by its almost brutal simplicity.

The author has a thesis about human beings, a thesis evolved not in an anthropo or biological laboratory, but grounded simply on observation of how man behaves. That thesis is implied in the title of the book, "The Myth of the Individual." And passionately does Mr. Wood marshal his evidence to prove that man is really no individual at all. He grants biological identity to human beings. He even admits the existence of individual consciousness. But these as he points out are not the characteristically *human* traits. These do not set man apart as Man.

What does set man apart from the rest of the animal world is his very lack of individualism, his inability to live as a separate unit, his interdependence with all other human beings. Man "is complete master of the earth, but not as an individual. In order to attain that position he had to cease being an individual and pool his time with all humanity." And that being the case there is not even so individual a thing as a self, or at least as a self apart from all the other selves of the world. Every act one performs, every thought one thinks, every word one speaks is conditioned by the thoughts, the acts, the words of countless other beings, dead and alive: "The phenomenon familiarly referred to as Charlie Wood is not a physical entity. There is a physical entity from which that phenomenon seems to emanate, as light emanates from a bulb. But the light is not the bulb. It does not even emanate from the bulb but from the whole works. The bulb goes to smash, and with it goes to smash that peculiar illumination with which it was associated; but whereas you can isolate that bulb from all other bulbs, you cannot isolate the electricity that was shining through it from all electricity."

There are then, according to Mr. Wood, no effective boundary lines between human beings. They are in reality one. Except, one interposes, as they *think* they can differentiate between themselves. And when one gets so far the real purpose of Mr. Wood's work becomes clear. He is the most practical theorist that ever faced a fact. He sees clearly that for practical purposes this "except" disproves his thesis by ignoring it. And so he sets about in methodical fashion to eradicate even the belief in people's minds that they are individuals.

That is a big job to tackle, a job which one imagines Mr. Wood realizes he will not see completed. But he voices the belief that unless in the end it be completed our civilization will commit suicide. For it is in the fallacious belief in the "individual" self, as

*"The Myth of the Individual," by Charles W. Wood. The John Day Co.

apart from other selves, as getting ahead of other selves, as attaining rights and privileges and possessions beyond others, that the peril of modern life lies. Because of this belief men are struggling against the very nature of what makes them men, that co-humanity which motivates them all. And when this great general energy is misunderstood and perverted as it has been for so long, it leads to trouble.

It is this which drives groups to work against each other while the members of each group are satisfying their real human nature by working together. It is this which pits armies and peoples against one another while the members of each army and people are sacrificing their individual identity gladly for the good of the whole. And unless this passion of man to lose himself, because he is man, in mankind be understood aright, man may as like as not destroy himself.

Because Mr. Wood sees the vast contradiction between man's desire and the fulfillment, a contradiction fraught with gravest peril, he cannot refrain from speaking his mind. He writes as one under compulsion, and while to be told that there is prophetic fervor seething in his engineer-educated Yankee soul might seriously disturb him, the temper of his writing reminds one of the word of Amos: "The Lord God hath spoken, who can but prophesy?"

This inner inescapable communism of human life Mr. Wood discovers in many places: In the "machine" which is to him the symbol of modern life, in industry, in the family, in politics, in pacifism, in war. Sometimes indeed he tortures the facts to make them fit his theory. He finds for example that at least once before this idea of human oneness has been conceived, namely when Jesus said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Jesus, he finds here identifying the self of man with God and with all other selves as well. Leaving aside the amusing error of ascribing originality to Jesus in this teaching which had been fundamental to Jewish life for at least 400 years before his birth, the question may fairly be asked as to whether Jesus would recognize Mr. Wood's involved interpretation of the quotation, let alone lay claim to having originated it. The impossibility of distinguishing between the one and the many, the self and the world self, is a doctrine which smacks more of Spinoza than of Jesus.

There are other errors, more and less serious, but "The Myth of the Individual" is too important a book to be judged in terms of them. Its author has something to say, something which to this reviewer at least seems vital, and on the whole he has said it unusually well.

JAMES WATERMAN WISE.

Correspondence

The Chinese Students' Monthly

Editor of UNITY:

I am glad to see, in your issue of November 28, a letter from the Editor of *The Chinese Students' Monthly,* inviting attention to that excellent periodical. For two years I have been a regular reader of it, and I can hardly speak too strongly of my appreciation of its value. Published by students, some persons may think of it as possibly immature in its views and its discussions of the very important and serious questions connected with the present conditions in China. It has no such limitation. I know of no periodical that presents the Chinese situation, in all its phases, with more candor, strength, or breadth of view. It contains articles from some of the most eminent men in China, as well as from Chinese students in America. Attractive in appearance as well as able, it should be on the tables in all public reading rooms. I wish the Japanese and Hindu students in America would publish monthlies of equal excellence dealing with conditions in Japan and India.

J. T. SUNDERLAND

New York City.

Substitutes For Milk

Editor of UNITY:

In regard to Mahatma Gandhi's inquiry for a vegetable substitute for milk, allow me to recommend Malted Nuts. It is made by the Battle Creek Food Company, Battle Creek, Michigan, is used by the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and has been successfully used for years by both infants and adults who were sensitized to milk.

While writing, I might add that I suppose some people think Gandhi is rather loony on the subject of diet, but I do not think the use of meat can be too strongly condemned unless it is used in "self-defense," that is, in places where other foods are not obtainable, such as arctic or other out of the way regions. I do not see how any pacifist or socialist can conscientiously eat meat. It is not only less healthy, but it is also morally wrong for the reason that it retards the upward evolution of the race. So long as human beings become accomplices in the unnecessary slaughter and consumption of the lower animals, they will be accustomed to bloodshed and will go on killing one another.

It seems to me, however, that there is a clear distinction between the use of meat and the use of milk. The use of milk does not involve the slaughter of animals. Furthermore, milk is intended by nature as a food, while meat is not. The calf does not eat the cow, but it does drink her milk.

Nevertheless, I have no doubt that the use of cow's milk by human beings will cease after a while. Milk is more easily contaminated than vegetables and fruits. It has been hinted that the time may come when something very much like the actual milk will be extracted from vegetables by machinery. Malted Nuts do not look nor taste like milk. They are in the form of powdered nuts, to which water is added. Anyone who does not use a thorough substitute had better stick to milk, and lots of it. If nuts bought at the grocery are used as a substitute, it is necessary to drink much more water so as to get the proper amount of liquid. Persons abandoning meat should also post themselves in order to take plenty of foods containing iron; otherwise their blood will deteriorate. Lists of foods containing iron, lime, the various vitamins, etc., may be obtained free of charge from the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

From the economic viewpoint, it is interesting to note that it takes over thirty pounds of vegetable matter, eaten by animals, to make one pound of meat. Hence, when everybody eats the vegetable matter instead of the meat, only a fraction of the present amount of labor will be required to produce the food. This process is going on right now, for the per capita consumption of meat is decreasing.

JOHN M. WORK

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Many Thanks!

Editor of UNITY:

The postmaster has changed up all the mail routes in this country so please note the change in address. We would not be without our weekly UNITY with its fearless message of truth. It is so refreshing and inspiring to read and feel that you are getting information that has only the one intention of shedding the beacon light of truth and justice amidst the sham and hypocrisy of the present day press who have their political axes to grind. Your articles on Russia and China put your readers in possession of the facts. And your sublime writings on the Sacco and Vanzetti case put to shame the respectable Dinwiddies who would cover up amidst a smoke screen of legal technicalities the martyrdom of those two noble souls whose memory will live for ever in the minds of all lovers of truth and justice.

HARRY BELL

Pleasant Lake, Indiana.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

NOTES ON PROHIBITION

We note that Canada, hailed as heaven on the alcohol question, has lapsed a little. An item from the Province of Alberta says that in one issue of a newspaper the following headlines appeared: "Man killed in beer-room brawl," "Vauxhall farmer killed by blow from barkeeper," "Say dead man was ejected from bar as objectionable," etc., etc. To this news our cotemporary, *The United Churchman*, adds, a bit sarcastically, "The Government Sale System is a wonderful temperance measure." Another writer, the unsentimental Samuel G. Blythe, in the hard-boiled *Saturday Evening Post*, says:

"A new and gigantic purchasing power has developed in this country, since we have had prohibition, that accounts for the prosperity of our railroads, our manufactories, and our trade in all directions. That, in a large measure, is a purchasing power derived from the diversion of former booze money into economic channels. It does not come from the rich, nor from the poor, although it has decreased the number of the poor, as any student of economics knows. It comes from the average American citizen, the blood and bones of this country, and it comes in part because booze is no longer an article of legal merchandise in this country; because the saloons are gone; because liquor to the average American is not worth the money and the effort required to secure it, not worth taking the risks that go with the drinking of it. Hence, the individual, his family, and general trade get the benefit of the wages and profits that formerly went to the non-productive saloonkeeper."

As though it were up from the grave of Wayne B. Wheeler, comes the following, spoken in his last address:

"The enforcement of prohibition is winning and will continue to win. I believe the alternative is the wreck of the Republic, since the liquor traffic has made it imperative that the nation choose between prohibition enforcement and liquor lawlessness. The Eighteenth Amendment will not be repealed. It must be enforced."

We agree to that. We still maintain an aversion against morality by law, as a matter of principle; but in practice we yield to a show of proved benefits. Facts get us.

—*The Christian Register.*

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY GENERAL COUNCIL UNION OF DEMOCRATIC CONTRAL LONDON

Tariffs and The League

"This council, believing that enquiries into the yield in revenue of customs duties would show that little or no loss of revenue would result from the repeal of the protective classes in these tariffs, urges the Economic Committee of the League to recommend that official enquiries shall forthwith be instituted in all countries to ascertain the yield in revenue of each customs duty."

Sanctions and The Covenant

"That in the opinion of this Council no effective progress can be made towards the abolition of war so long as the sanction of force is preserved in the Covenant of the League of Nations; it therefore proposes that Great Britain should take the initiative in a declaration in favor of the final abandonment of the war weapon in any circumstances whatever, thus bringing to the forefront the proposal for the amendment of the sanctions clauses of the covenant and inviting by example the other nations to outlaw war."

The Indian Commission

This Council regrets the disregard of legitimate Indian feeling shown by the British Government in the appointment of a purely British Commission of Enquiry into Indian Reform.

It recalls the resolution passed by the Indian Legislative Assembly in 1924 in favor of a Round Table Conference and declares that should Indian opinion desire it the British Commission should be prepared to work jointly with an official Indian Commission on equal terms.

November 18, 1927.

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

News Sheet

Germany. — The *International Democratic Peace Congress* (of which Marc Sangnier is the leader) took place from September 3 to 12 at Würzburg, in Bavaria.

The German Branch of the *International Union of Anti-Militarist Pastors*, which was founded a short time ago, reports a continual growth in membership, the present number being 102. (There are 16,000 Protestant pastors in Germany.)

"Ponsonby Petition" in Germany. — A public vote against war and the taking part in any war activities, on the lines of the Ponsonby petition in England, has recently been taken in the Swickau district of Saxony. This petition was organized by Gerhard Seger, general Secretary of the Deutsche Friedensgesellschaft (German Peace Society), and the most active support was received from the local Social Democrats. It is estimated from the lists already returned that 100,000 signatures will be obtained. A special committee of the German Peace Cartel is arranging for similar action in all parts of Germany, the most immediate field of action being the Rhineland and Westphalia.

France. — *The Evangelical Christian Union* (whose secretary is Pastor Rambaud) held its annual meeting from August 24 to 29 at Montpellier. This organization has as its aim "to foster on a purely religious basis the unity of faith and love between the Evangelical Christians of Germany and France." In the past year its membership has doubled, the total number exceeding at present 1,000.

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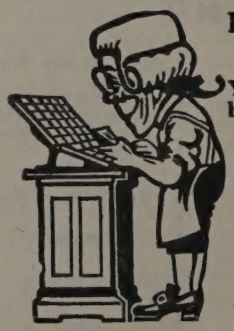

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